

## Metal Impulses

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## Metal Impulses

by [isntitcrazy](#)

### Summary

“You’re thinking dirty things about me?” George took a step closer, his clothes dripping water on the concrete of the garage floor.

“It’s always dirty when it’s you.”

George is hotter than hell on a motorcycle. That's true in Dream's fantasies, and truer in real life.

### Notes

kiss me like you mean it prompt 27 - bringing up the hands to cup the other's face while kissing

apparently i'm all on vehicles and piercings right now lmao. anyways enjoy george with a tongue piercing, a tongue piercing fic from me is long overdue <3

also i wrote this in one day and didn't proofread it so. forgive me for any terribly obvious mistakes <3 feel free to point them out in the comments if you catch one and i'll fix it lol

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Why George had bought a shiny red chrome motorcycle was beyond him. The idiot was *red-green colorblind*.

But it wasn't Dream's job to understand why his friend was as stupid as he was. And red suited George well—even if he couldn't see it. Even if Dream was never going to tell him how hot he looked straddling that stupid motorcycle, even if Dream had sworn himself to a vow of silence about the whole thing. He was perfectly content to watch from afar, to observe George in his leather jacket with the red accents to match and the pants that might've been a little tighter than they needed to be and—

Okay. Maybe not *perfectly* content. But he preferred to smother his lust in a sad excuse for devotion and found it in him to call George his *best friend*.

Because George was his best friend. A best friend he dreamed about bending over that pretty red motorcycle and making it *shake*.

And it wasn't just the motorcycle, or his stupid hot outfit. Dream's other best friend, Sapnap—the final third to their trio of adrenaline whores—dressed nearly exactly the same as George did. Dream dressed the same as the two of them as well. Only difference was what shade of chrome was going to shine under the sun, a mess of orange, green, and red whenever they rolled by in their cliched line.

But Sapnap wasn't *George*. Wasn't a spread of pink lips or sick little giggles, wasn't freckled cheeks stained with a forever blush or harsh lipstick against pale skin, wasn't a stupid hot silver barbell cast through a pink tongue. Sapnap was Sapnap—hot-headed and a little bit annoying. Covered in drawn-out flames and metaphorical heat, boisterous laughter that made Dream feel dizzy.

It was the three of them giving their motorcycles a much-needed wash that may have been the final straw. It was the three of them spread out in Dream's too-big garage, a garage that held nothing but his shitty Nissan four-seater and the vicious green motorcycle he cared way too much about. It was the space between all of them and the sound of running water, it was George's leather jacket left on the floor in the corner, it was the way that left him in nothing but a white t-shirt and his stupid skinny jeans.

Sapnap thought it would be funny to spray George with the water. It was funny, because George was someone who got hilariously defensive when he was angry and wronged, someone who wasn't afraid to scream.

“*Sapnap!*”

The idiot in question was all laughs, and no matter how much George ran in circles around Dream's garage, he couldn't escape Sapnap and his harsh stream of water. He followed George's every move, followed him even when he hid behind the sparkling red of his bike and told Sapnap not to get water in the wrong places.

And Dream was laughing, too. George was funny when he was mad, funny when he was wrestling a hose out of Sapnap's grip until he eventually dropped it on the floor and put his hands up.

George leaned over to pick it up and get Sapnap back, but the idiot was too fast. That and he was a textbook example of someone who could dish it out to no end but would never be able to take it,

and he was clearly against the idea of getting wet right then.

“I have my phone in my pocket!” He even held it up in his surrendered hands to prove it. “You can’t spray me unless you wanna pay for it! Ha!”

George groaned and rolled his eyes, but he dropped the hose back on the ground anyways. Not because he was too nice to get Sapnap wet, but because he didn’t want to buy him a new phone. And both Dream and George knew damn well that Sapnap meant what he said and it *would* be money out of George’s pocket paying for a replacement.

“At least go get me a towel or something,” George insisted, hitting Sapnap on the shoulder with enough force to make him jump. “I don’t wanna track water all over Dream’s floors.”

Dream would’ve said it was fine if he didn’t think Sapnap deserved to be inconvenienced. Instead, he called out a helpful direction and dropped his soapy rag back in a bucket of water.

“There’s towels in the bathroom.”

Sapnap groaned indignantly, but he still scurried off to go get the towels. It left Dream alone with George, left him to stand up from where he’d been kneeling beside his motorcycle to wash the viridian chrome clean. Left him to stand there in his too-big garage with who might as well have been the hottest guy on the planet in a *dripping wet white t-shirt*. Fucking hell.

George wandered closer to Dream in their lull of silence, gripped the hem of his t-shirt with a dissatisfied look in his eyes. It clung to his skin just as any wet fabric would, but the fact that it was *white* made it see-through enough for Dream to see his pink nipples and the tint of his skin.

It was probably terribly uncomfortable. The look on George’s face would tell him so. But fuck if he didn’t look good like that.

And his *hair*. Sapnap was truly merciless, leaving George’s face a mess of water and his hair no better off. Messed up and darker than usual, serving as no help to his already soaked shoulders or the rest of the wet fabric beneath that. Despite how clearly pissed George was at Sapnap and how desperate Dream was to side with the one he wanted to fuck, Dream probably owed his thanks to his idiot friend for making George all wet and irresistible. *Please take as long as humanly possible getting those towels*.

“Uh...” Dream really did try not to stutter. “Is it cold?” That’s a stupid question.

George scoffed slightly. “Yeah.” Dream tried not to get caught up on the sphere of silver he could see in George’s mouth. “But it’s hot in here, so it’s whatever.”

“It is hot in here.” Dream tugged on his own collar for emphasis, fanning semi-cool air down the front of his shirt. “Probably just you, though.”

“What?” George laughed out loud, and only then did Dream realize what he’d said. “Are you flirting with me?”

Dream cast his eyes down at the floor, purposeful in the way he pulled his gaze away from George’s coy smile. It had always suited him—managed to suit him better when he got that stupid piercing, managed to suit him even *better* now that his shirt was all see-through and wet.

“Maybe.”

“Got anything else up your—” George paused, furrowing his eyebrows, “well, I guess you don’t

have sleeves.” He laughed. “Just hit me again.”

*Again?* Sure, Dream flirted with George more often than he didn’t, but it was always buried under something platonic. And he never called George *hot* when they flirted, and there certainly had never been soaking wet t-shirts involved before.

Dream took a deep breath and looked back up at George, George who’d latched the pole of his barbell between his front teeth. George who was still grinning like he’d won something without even competing—and Dream tried his best to match that glow of arrogance.

“You want me to hold back?” He put on his tilted tone, but it was in confirmation. “Or do you want everything I’m thinking right now?”

“Try me,” George insisted. “Everything you’re thinking.”

Dream raised an eyebrow. “Even the dirty stuff?”

“You’re thinking dirty things about me?” George took a step closer, his clothes dripping water on the concrete of the garage floor.

“It’s always dirty when it’s you.”

It was sickeningly honest, but when paired with a self-assured grin, it felt earned. Earned like the click of metal against George’s teeth, earned like the fact they were standing mere inches away from each other at this point.

“Is it?” George prodded. “How dirty?”

“Fucking filthy.”

George planted one of his hands against Dream’s chest, looked up at him through long eyelashes that were stuck together in all their soaking wet glory. He dared to step closer to Dream, dared to get close enough for Dream to see the drops of water gathering on his forehead and the way it slid down his face.

“Tell me one.”

Dream hoped to god he really meant all that, hoped that unabashed admittance wouldn’t earn him a laugh or a punch in the face. In a perfect world, the hand pressed against his chest and the coy look in umber eyes meant that George wanted this, too. And if not just as much as Dream, then maybe a little more.

“Bent over your motorcycle.”

George’s breath hitched noticeably at the prospect, hand tightening around Dream’s shirt. The fabric gathered beneath his fingers in an unfamiliar way, pulled taut beneath damp hands—damp enough for Dream to feel the chill of it through the fabric between them.

“Me?” It came out in a breath.

“Yeah,” Dream confirmed. “Bet you’d look so fucking pretty with your ass up for me.”

George only smirked wider at that. “Oh, really?”

“Really,” Dream said breathlessly, the drag of George’s finger down his chest enough to stun him into silence for a moment too long. “I think a lot about you and your fucking piercing, too.”

George laughed under his breath, eyes losing Dream's for a mere second before returning. "About how it'd feel?"

Dream took a shuddered breath. Yeah, of course all his fantasies were about how it would feel. Like the fantasy he was having right now, caught on the roll of something silver and pretty down his most sensitive skin. Or maybe caught up in a tangle with his tongue, something they felt only inches away from with their proximity—close enough for Dream to feel breath on his lips and catch the barely-there scent of water on skin.

"Yeah."

His confirmation was pathetically breathless, practically punched out of him with all the air in his lungs. It pulled the grin on George's face impossibly more prominent, filled his look with an even greater sense of arrogance. He spoke with something low and seductive, the latter of the two only exemplified by the drop of his eyelids.

"Kiss me and find out."

Dream nearly choked in his disbelief. "What?"

George rolled his eyes, but he didn't repeat himself. Only slid his hand up from Dream's chest to catch in the collar of his shirt, rising up to his tiptoes and tugging Dream down so their lips could crash together. George may have hit against teeth before lips in the midst of Dream's surprise, but he was grinning into the kiss the moment Dream was composed enough to return it.

And George was already flicking his tongue over Dream's lips. Already rolling that shiny silver barbell over his parting mouth and letting him feel the slick chill of it, urging him to drop his lips open without a word while his hands came up to cup George's face. To grab him by the cheek and jaw and pull him in, let his tongue sink into his mouth with a heat-laced lick and roll against Dream's with tantalizing softness.

George tasted like the water he was covered in, overwhelmed with the inherent flavor of *George* when Dream dared to look deeper. The jewelry in his mouth was metallic as expected, making the kiss feel much sharper than it would've without it and making Dream startlingly willing to take George's tongue anywhere he could reach.

Rolling along the underside of *his* tongue. Clicked against the backs of his top teeth, pulled back to catch on the inside of his bottom lip when Dream dug his fingers into George's flushed cheek. When he moved slightly as if he was going to pull back, Dream slung a hand around his waist and tugged him closer with enough force to make both of them stumble.

George gasped, the underside of his barbell clicking against Dream's teeth. He threw both his arms over Dream's shoulders and was forced farther up on his toes to keep their lips locked together the way they were, pressing their chests together hard enough for Dream to feel the wetness of George's shirt on his front.

There was nothing but the sound of slick lips in that too-big garage, nothing but the scent of motor oil and strong soap in the air between them. George opened his mouth, finally letting Dream slip into his mouth and have him however he wanted.

Until the door to the house opened.

"Gogy, I got—okay what the *fuck*."

Their lips were quick to fall away from each other, but they stayed in their strange wrap of limbs.

George turned his head to catch Sapnap's eyes over his shoulder, grinning slightly at the man where he stood helpless in the doorway. He held several towels in one hand and his phone in the other, face etched deep in shock at the odd position he'd found his supposed *best friends* in.

"Huh?"

George acted as if nothing had happened, as if he wasn't still pressed up against Dream with lips that had clearly been kissed. With lips that Sapnap had *seen* Dream kissing, with a shirt that still clung to his skin in something that was starting to become less uncomfortable.

"Were you just trying to get me to screw off so you could make out?"

The *no* was already on the tip of Dream's tongue, ready to be spit in Sapnap's direction—but George beat him to it.

"Maybe."

He even shrugged for emphasis, let the coy look stay in his eyes with a dark glow that was starting to glow familiar. Dream's hand tightened where it sat on George's waist, gathered fabric that hung heavy and water-logged twisted beneath his fingers.

"You're both annoying." Sapnap shook his head, walking closer to them so he could throw the handful of towels over the seat of Dream's motorcycle. "I'll just leave before you get back to sucking face."

"We weren't—"

"Dream, shut the fuck up," Sapnap interruppted, pressing the button to open the garage. "And close that behind you, no one wants to watch you guys fuck."

He nearly defended how they *weren't* going to fuck when he realized that would be his least desired outcome. He did, in fact, want to fuck George—as if that wasn't already obvious—and he'd like to do that now, preferably. Now, when both their motorcycles could be safe behind a shut garage door and Sapnap was hitting his kickstand up with the back of his heel. When George was already pushing his lips against Dream's neck and dragging his piercing along the skin, the roll of a silver sphere nothing short of desirable.

Dream took his hand off George's waist to wave in Sapnap's direction, and Sapnap only flipped him off in return. Dream laughed near-silently as he watched Sapnap speed away on his bike, tapped George on the back of the head with a quiet whine.

"Georgie," he laced fingers through his dark hair, "I have to shut the garage."

George whined in protest, dragged the metal on his tongue harder across Dream's skin. Dream tugged on brown hair to retaliate, finally freeing those pink lips from his skin and forcing George to tip his head back to look at Dream. Dream found the playful displeasure in his eyes endearing, endearing enough to plant a kiss on his mouth that was met with the welcome glide of silver jewelry.

Dream hummed with an edge of annoyance—nothing serious, of course—and tugged away to speak.

"It'll only take a second," he reassured, looking a little too closely at the gloss of spit covering George's lips.

And George still whined when Dream pulled away from him completely, arms falling heavy to his sides at the loss of something to hold. Dream jogged over to the console on the wall, trying—and failing—to ignore how wet his shirt had become.

Upon hearing the familiar sound of his closing garage door—loud enough to fill the room—Dream spun around to face George, hooking his fingers beneath the hem of his aforementioned wet t-shirt and shucking it off while he moved. It fell to the floor of his garage with a heavy, water-logged sound. And the door behind him secured itself in a closed position, pulling the garage into a startling quiet and leaving Dream free to give his undivided attention to the sight before him.

The sight of George, still looking arrogant and coy as ever, straddling his red chrome motorcycle the wrong way with his elbows propped up on the handlebars behind him. In the midst of all of Dream's movements, George had gotten his leather jacket off the floor and put it back on, making him look even hotter—if possible—with the soaked white beneath the black and red and his cheeks a glimmering pink.

He looked at Dream with a lone raised eyebrow, everything about his body language—the lax arch of his back, the ease in all his lithe glory, the pristine red high tops still planted on the ground, the gleam of something silver behind his parted lips—held a clamoring sense of *get on with it*.

And Dream had a full intention to do exactly that. To approach George's bike with his own take on arrogantly easy, to sling his leg over the seat and straddle it facing George. They both moved quickly to sit closer to each other, George's hands immediately finding a tan face while Dream's caught on the edges of a leather jacket.

“What'd you put this on for?” Dream asked with a grin, hands sliding beneath the sturdy fabric to land on the drenched white of his shirt.

He left the end of his thought unspoken, the heavy implication that he had only ever been planning to strip George of his top. To leave him bare and ready for *something*, something the darkened umber of his eyes seemed to be begging for.

“Want you to fuck me in it,” George said in breath against Dream's lips, hands trailing down the front of his bare chest with a light touch that left Dream aching for more. “Can you do that? For me?”

Even without the flutter of long lashes or the gleam of a silver piercing, Dream would've shuddered. Even without the feather-light drag of thin fingers down his front, catching in his belt loops with quiet intent.

George tugged himself closer with that new leverage, and Dream welcomed the proximity. It knocked their knees together and reminded Dream to shift his legs, spreading them to let George slide in closer. Close enough for his wrists to brush against his own wet abdomen, close enough for their noses to nearly touch.

“Yeah,” Dream answered breathlessly, “I can do that.”

Their lips crashed together again, and somehow, it felt better than it had earlier. Maybe it was because Dream was learning all the ways George liked to move, maybe it was the presence of a recently washed motorcycle beneath them, maybe it was the red-striped leather that George pulled off so well. Maybe it was confirmed lonesome or the way George wasn't afraid of kissing Dream piercing-first.

Whatever it was, Dream wanted more of it. More of George, more of his metal-adorned tongue,

more of his soft lips and slick talent.

Dream tucked his fingers under the hem of George's shirt, rucked it up and let it catch beneath his collar bones. He knew it would stick there with how wet and tight it was, knew it'd leave George's half-wet chest and stomach all pale and exposed.

George gasped when two of Dream's thumbs rolled over his nipples, slid his tongue against Dream's and made sure the jewelry caught between them. Dream pinched one of his nipples in retaliation, earning him a gasped-out moan right into his open mouth as a reward. He pushed George backward against the handlebars, feeling the bike shift slightly beneath them at the force of it.

"Dream," George whined, the syllable sounding more than perfect when it fell from his kiss-swollen lips.

Dream only hummed in response, dipping his tongue back in George's mouth for another metal-slicked moment. George whined in a huff, tugging away when one of Dream's thumbs rolled back over his nipple.

"Dream," he repeated, tugging on his belt loops, "can I blow you?"

*With that fucking piercing? Please.*

Dream let his hands fall away from George's chest, leaning back to prop himself up on the seat behind him. George moved his hands to unbuckle Dream's belt, giving him a knowing look through lidded eyes that said everything and more. He even still wore that pretty smirk. Dream wished he could fuck that grin right off his face. *Maybe he could.*

Wishful thinking aside, George was tugging Dream's cock free of its confines and taking a stuttered breath. He dragged his hand up the length of it, let Dream do nothing but feel the warmth of his palm and watch the motion with interest. Watch as George swiped his thumb over the head of his cock, tongue poking out from between his lips to wet them before he slid backwards on the seat to position his head between Dream's legs.

It was Dream's turn to shake. Shake as George arched his back while he was laid near-flat on his motorcycle and stuck his ass up, shake as he rolled the sphere of his piercing over the head of Dream's cock. He was quick to close his lips around it, to make his mouth tight in all the right places and swirl it around the head—dragging silver metal with him the whole way around.

Dream sputtered. "Fuck," he threaded one of his hands through George's hair, "that feels *really* good."

George hummed as if in acknowledgment, dipped his head down further to brush against the side of his hand. He let his tongue slide over the underside of Dream's cock the whole way down, letting the barbell of his piercing roll across a vein in a way that made Dream moan. The fingers in George's hair dared to tighten, dared to tug just a little so George's tight lips slid upward when he flattened his tongue.

He pulled off with a sick *pop*, caught the slick barbell between his front teeth through a smirk. "Yeah?"

Dream could only whine pitifully in responding agreement, pushing gently on George's head in an attempt to coax him down again. He obliged, gliding the pretty barbell down the side of his cock with enough force to make Dream feel *all* of it. The hand that had been resting so gently at the base

of Dream's cock tightened in grip, slid upward to meet George's lips halfway in a twist that pulled a stuttered breath out from the blond.

George was good at this—*too* good at this. There was a spark in Dream's chest that reminded him of jealousy when he thought of George doing this to someone else, when he thought of George on his knees all pretty for some stranger or ex-boyfriend he'd never met. He knew now wasn't the time to get possessive—never mind getting possessive over someone he wasn't even dating—but the flame in his sternum was already alight, and Dream just couldn't seem to help himself.

He sat up slightly, edging his cock further into George's mouth; just far enough to make him gag. He didn't pull off, though, only screwed his eyes shut and let his head fall sideways so he could touch a new part of Dream with warming metal, drag the piercing up against his too-sensitive skin with enough pressure to make him moan.

Dream took his hand off the seat and planted it on the side of George's head, made sure his feet stood sturdy on the ground to keep himself from tumbling off the bike. And he groaned through his teeth when George dug his piercing down into the slit, his hand pushed up close to his mouth and eyelids fluttering in something that screamed *innocence*.

This was not innocent, George looked like a fucking sin.

So Dream bucked his hips slightly, watched George's eyes force shut as both Dream's cock and the metal in his tongue clashed against the roof of his mouth. The motion shifted the bike slightly beneath them, and it only served to make Dream grin like crazy and do it again.

George moved his hand to rest on Dream's thigh to let more of his cock slide down his throat, flexed his tongue so it rolled on the underside piercing-first with only an echo of the softness beside it. He kept his eyes closed and let his head fall lax, nails digging into the fabric covering Dream's thighs as he let him shove his cock down his throat.

There was still a flame at the center of Dream's chest, still a distaste for all thoughts that involved George's mouth and other men. But given the shake of George's motorcycle beneath them, given the leather-clad frame that was currently twisted over it in the lewdest possible position, given the ease in which George let Dream have his mouth however he wanted—Dream was winning. Winning in the competition against strangers who didn't even know they were supposed to be competing at all.

Because who drove this motorcycle every day of the week? George did. And who was getting their throat fucked stretched across the seat? George was.

If Dream could have it his way, George would think about this every time he drove anywhere. Dream would certainly think about it every time he saw George with the pretty red chrome between his legs, would think about it every time he went into his own damn garage. He'd think of George and his pretty pink lips, George and his obscenely hot silver barbell.

He'd think of George.

And though he was having fun shoving his cock down the aforementioned's throat, maybe he was having more fun when George got to do whatever he pleased.

"Take it," Dream huffed, halting the motion of his hips. He tugged on George's hair with two hands, eliciting a moan from the brunet as his head was dragged upward. "You wanted this so bad, fucking *take it*."

George whined, dragging his mouth up back to the tip in all his tight-lipped glory, laving that hot fucking piercing up through all of it. He caught a hand around the base of it, rolled his tongue in all the right ways to make Dream moan proper, arched his back impossibly further so his ass stuck up and on display.

Dream laughed through all his breathy noises, pulled George's hair hard enough to make him whimper. "Sticking your ass up for me?" George keened in agreement, eyes fluttering open for the first time in too long. "You really want it, huh?"

George pulled off of Dream's cock with another obscenely slick sound, rolled his piercing over his top lip in spit-covered glory. He sputtered in an attempt to catch his breath, eyes forcing shut for another moment before he found Dream's gaze again—found it with blown-out pupils and a heavy lid of desperacy.

"Yes," he gasped, voice rougher than it was before, "please."

He glided his tongue over the head of Dream's cock again and made sure the sphere on his jewelry caught. Dream groaned, shifting one of his hands so he could hit George lightly on the jaw, shifting his head just enough to nudge him off his cock.

"Stick your tongue out."

George did so without hesitation, lolled his wet tongue out for Dream to see in all its glory—pretty silver barbell included. Dream grinned slightly, only just enough to show the edges of his ivory teeth, and spit onto George's stuck-out tongue. Watched it catch on the ball of his piercing, watched it cover his tongue for just a moment before George had pulled it back into his mouth and swallowed.

Dream laughed lightly to himself, tapping George on the cheek again. "Good boy."

George keened, leaning his head into Dream's touch with closed eyes. Dream slid one of his thumbs over to catch George's bottom lip, tugging his mouth open gently and urging him to let his jaw fall slack.

"Turn around, babe," Dream said with another tap, using his hold on George's head to pull him upward into a sitting position. "I'll fuck you just how you want."

"Please, *please*," George whined, bouncing on his toes enough to make his motorcycle shake.

Dream laughed again, pressing a kiss onto George's waiting mouth and savoring the roll of his metal-adorned tongue on closed lips.

"Hurry up and turn around," he caught his teeth on George's bottom lip, "and I will."

George moved quickly at that, standing up so he could swap which direction he faced, falling back onto his motorcycle as if he was going to start it. Clearly, he wasn't—not with his soaked t-shirt still rucked up to his collarbones, not with his swollen lips or breaths cast in desperacy. Dream almost laughed again at how eager he was, hooking his fingers into the waist of his jeans and rolling them to George's front so he could undo them.

He only tugged George's pants down just enough to get where he wanted, savoring just how *fully clothed* George was. Bent over his motorcycle with his ass on display, but nearly every other inch of him was covered. Leather-clad elbows were bent against the handlebars where George rested his head, arching his back into a curved line so he only looked lewder in this desirable position.

It was fucking *filthy*.

“God, I was right,” Dream huffed, standing up to knock his feet against George’s. “You’re so fucking pretty.”

He slapped George’s ass once, reveling in the whimper he got in response. He slid his hands up to catch around George’s waist, to drag his fingers gently over the bare skin beneath fabric—still damp and dewy from all the water.

“I have,” George spoke with difficulty, waving his hand vaguely in a direction Dream couldn’t discern, “lube. In my—” it petered out into breath, the hand falling uselessly to his side.

“Bag?”

Dream got a confirming nod in return, fingers trailing against the concrete of his floor. Dream grinned at how pathetic George had become, felt himself fill with a sense of pride as he pulled his leg over the bike and wandered into the corner where George had left his bag. He rifled through it carefully until he found the lube in question, a *clearly* used bottle that—wait, why did George even have this with him in the first place?

Speaking of George, he still looked so *fucking pretty*. He was squirming in his position, rubbing himself desperately against the seat in a hopeless chase for friction. Dream huffed out a laugh and slapped George’s ass again, returning to his original position—stood up and straddling the motorcycle—with the lube now in tow. He slicked up two fingers with a grin, sitting down on the bike to press the tip of his index finger against George’s waiting hole.

“What did you bring lube for?” Dream asked with a lilt in his tone, circling George’s rim with a slick-up finger. George only whined in response. “Tell me and I’ll stretch you.”

George whined. “Wanted you to fuck me...”

“Oh?” Dream teased, slipping in the tip of his finger as promised. “So you planned this?”

George whimpered, rolling his hips back to force Dream to sink his finger deeper. Dream let him have it, twisting the digit in an attempt to loosen him quicker, reveled in the tight resistance against his finger and the breathy whines falling past George’s lips.

When he looked up towards his front—it was very difficult to pull his attention away from his finger disappearing inside of George—he found that George had taken to gripping his handlebars, holding onto them with a white-knuckled grip through all of his pathetic noises.

“I asked you a question, Georgie,” Dream said lowly, shoving his finger in as far as it could go to elicit a whimper. “I expect an answer.”

Through a whimper, George spit out a “yes” in response. Dream only laughed with that same edge of tease, twisted his finger as he reeled back to circle the rim with two lubed up fingers and leave George empty and waiting. He whined at the loss, stuck his ass up in Dream’s direction to see if he could coax him back in.

“More, babe,” Dream insisted. “Use your words.”

“*Fuck!* —I planned this,” George stuttered on a gasping breath, “I fucking planned this, wanted you to fuck me on my motorcycle so bad, I—*fuck!*”

He was rudely interrupted when Dream sank his two fingers into him, groaning through his teeth at

the sound of George's whining. At the sound and at the heavy implication, the fact that George had thought about this, thought about it perhaps as much as Dream had. Like he wanted to remember this every time he had to go anywhere, wanted to be forced to remember how well Dream had fucked him every time he got on his shiny red motorcycle.

"Yeah?" Dream teased breathlessly, twisting his fingers in hot emphasis. "You think about this a lot?"

He slowed his movements down intentionally to let George answer, shifted to a lax spread of his fingers to stretch him out. Dream wrapped his free hand around his now-neglected cock, trying not to sound too pathetic as he stroked his hand up his length.

"A lot," George repeated in breath, "fuck, a lot."

Dream twisted his fingers roughly. "Good."

He tugged his fingers out quickly, didn't miss the empty whimper it got him in return. But he didn't take very long to get his now three fingers slicked and ready, already in position before George had enough time to protest verbally. He only circled his rim for a moment, dragged his lubed fingers across his hole until George was whimpering and moving his hips, and that was enough to get Dream to finally sink his fingers into him.

George keened, his grip on the handlebars giving him enough leverage to fuck himself back onto Dream's fingers. It caught Dream off-guard, shifted the motorcycle beneath their bodies enough for the tires to make a quiet sound against the floor. Dream moved his free hand from his cock to George's hip, holding him steady in place while he fucked him open on three fingers. George whined, head banging against the space between the handlebars without complaint.

Dream twisted his fingers one last time, tugged them out slowly and watched with interest as stray lube dripped out of his hole. He pushed George's ass up further from the seat to keep it off his bike, his feed sliding back against the concrete with a high sound. Dream slicked up his cock as fast as he could muster, dropping the now useless bottle of lube onto the floor and lining himself up.

He tapped George's hole with the head of his cock, earning a whine from those pretty pink lips that he couldn't see. Dream savored the noise and kept teasing his hole to get more, pushing at his rim with one of his thumbs while his cock got so tantalizingly close to slipping in.

George was not having it.

"Dream, *please!*"

Dream only laughed quietly in response, slapped at George's ass again before he slid the head of his cock inside. George keened immediately, lifted his hips up off the bike completely so he could push back against Dream's cock. Dream was not having *that*, pushing his hand down on the small of his back so his stomach hit against the seat again.

"Easy, baby," Dream sank into George slowly, hissing through grit teeth, "just let me take care of you."

"Don't—" George moaned when Dream's hips hit against his ass, "—don't go easy on me."

His request sounded so *pathetic*, even without any context. It was all whiny and high-strung, coupled with a pair of shaking hands on the grips of his own motorcycle, thighs quivering on either side of Dream as he shoved his body harder against the seat. Dream grabbed his ass roughly,

shifting one of George's feet forward against the ground when he gasped at the contact.

"Yeah?" Dream teased. "You want it hard?"

George whined. "Please."

That was a request Dream knew how to fulfill. It took both his hands on George's hips, tipping him upward for a better angle. Took his feet planted firmly on the ground at either side of the bike, took his hips moving sharply to slam into George and rip the first loud moan past his lips. George's motorcycle shook beneath him with the movement, and it only shook more when Dream didn't stop.

Sweaty palms were losing their grip on the handlebars, George's body nothing but limp as Dream pounded into him without relent. He moved with a startling kind of a harsh, the kind that would surely leave bruises against George's skin where his hips were slamming into him, the kind that would surely run George's voice rawer than it already was with his screaming.

Dream fucked him like there was something depending on it—and maybe there was. He didn't know what, but he sure as hell was going to fuck into George with as much intent as he could muster, making it something of a mission to rattle the motorcycle they were spread across. The lewd sounds of their action filled his garage from wall to wall—the slickness of the lube between them, the slap of skin-on-skin every time Dream's hips hit against George, the cried-out moans that fell past George's lips. It was obscene if anything.

"Fuck," Dream groaned, leaning over to drape his chest over George's back. "You feel so *good*, babe."

And he meant it. George was everything perfect and a little bit more. He was tight around Dream, something about the way he gripped him feeling like he was trying to pull him back in before he got too far. He was just so *good*, like he was made to be fucked just as his mouth was made to be used—he was fucking *perfect* for this.

Dream slid one of his hands up off of George's waist, dragging along the exposed skin of his abdomen and catching on one of his nipples for a moment. George whimpered, let Dream pinch his fingers and tug just a little, twisted his neck as if he might tell him to stop. But Dream was pulling his hand away before George could say anything, dragging the tips of his fingers along the column of his throat until they found his slicked-up mouth.

He was drooling. Sputtering over every moan with semi-wet noise, lips and chin slathered with his own spit as it ran from his mouth. Dream bit back a laugh and slipped his fingers into the wetness of his mouth, caught them around the piercing in his tongue and let George lick at his two digits however he pleased. It muffled most of his mewling, reduced it down to something sickeningly hotter. A hum around Dream's fingers, the sound of stifle as it reverberated through the large room, the catch of metal against Dream's skin.

He sank his teeth into the side of George's neck. Felt the leather of his jacket where it brushed against his chin, kept moving his hips to fuck into George without mercy. The hand that wasn't in George's mouth was still wrapped around his waist, digging finger-shaped bruises into his pretty pale skin and making him a little less empty than before. Dream intended to do the same with his mouth—intended to suck George's skin into a twist of violet, intended to mark him in another pretty reminder of what had been done to him.

Like the motorcycle he rode every day. Like the jacket he wore every day. Like all the pretty red he covered himself in and couldn't see right, like everything that made him *George* would also make

him *Dream's*.

Because he *was* Dream's, and Dream had every intention of making that a well-known fact. Not a question, without a question—because those bruises would be shaped like *his* fingers, and Dream would grip onto them all the same the next time they got like this.

There was going to be a next time.

George's mouth fell open with Dream's fingers still resting on his tongue, the barbell caught between them. He panted out a moan when Dream fucked into him just a little harder, when he dug his teeth into his skin just a little deeper. Left pretty divots in the shape of his mouth etched into George's skin, ran his tongue over the mark and felt every dip.

"*Dream.*"

It came out pathetically muffled and slick, whined out over the intrusion of two fingers and the jostle of being fucked. His wet tongue ran over Dream's fingers with the drag of warmed metal, another breathless pant falling past his lips and coming huffed-out against Dream's skin. He pulled up off his neck and reached over to plant a kiss on George's cheek, slipped his fingers out of his mouth to catch on his jaw and push his head around at a more awkward angle.

"Feel good?" Dream spoke in breath against George's parted lips, all the sounds that fell from the brunet pressed right back against him.

All George could get out was a pathetic-sounding "*uh-huh*" before Dream twisted their bodies strangely enough to catch his lips in a kiss. Strangely enough to dive his tongue into George's mouth and skate along the piercing, to fuck him harder from their awkward angle as one of George's feet came up off the ground. Dream grabbed him by a now-bent knee, forced him higher up on the seat while his tongue was grazed by metal.

George's lips fell open and useless against Dream's mouth when he came, crying out against Dream while he spilled all over his seat. He would've been mad if he were any more coherent, staining the black leather of his seat white with his release.

Dream could do nothing but smirk, licking the spit off of his and George's lips while he fucked the latter through his orgasm. And Dream could feel himself getting ever-closer too, his thighs aching with a want to be done though both his brain and his dick cried out for this to never end.

But he was coming, spilling into George with a groan and the sporadic motion of his hips as he tried to fuck himself through it. Tried to fuck his cum into George with slow, harsh thrusts, nearly collapsing on top of George's twisted body when his head fell against his forearm and Dream pulled out slowly.

He sat back down on the seat behind George with a heavy breath, rolled his thumb over where George's hole was leaking a sick mix of lube and cum. George whined at the touch on such a sensitive area, writhed against his bike until it was making noise as it shifted beneath him.

Dream leaned over George's back gently, let his head drop close to his ear—close enough for him to press soft kisses along the side of his neck, close enough for George to feel hot breath on his skin.

"Baby," Dream said lowly. "You're mine, right?"

George laughed lightly, the sound of it still pulled taut with all his desperation and his whiny, fucked-out glory. He shifted beneath Dream, moved one of his hands off a handlebar to rest on top

of Dream's where it sat on his waist.

"Of course," he said carefully, voice rough from all the abuse on his throat. "Let you fuck me on my motorcycle, wouldn't have asked if I didn't want to be your boyfriend."

Dream hummed in contentment against his ear. "I like that." He planted a wet kiss against George's skin, earning a breathy laugh in return. "Boyfriend."

## End Notes

i posted four times this week bye  
like dude. i have spring break NEXT week. i was even busy this week. what the Fuck

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